

# The Borden Citizen

VOL. 7.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, SEPT. 12 1907.

NO. 38.

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**Meeting Some Ladies.**  
If it were not for the fact that every union man understands that the union is first, last and all the time for the making of the home brighter, happier and better, there might be some need of apology for the publication of the following little story, whose source we are unable to trace. At any rate it is a warm little clipping and we recommend it to every man, woman and child that ever had or expects to have a home:

A young fellow who had got into the habit of spending all his evenings away from home was brought to his senses in the following way:

One afternoon his father came to him and asked him if he had an engagement for the evening. The young man had not.

"Well, I'd like to have you go

somewhere with me."

The young man himself tells what happened.

"All right," I said, "Where shall I meet you?"

"He suggested the Columbia Hotel at half-past seven; and I was there. When he appeared, he said he wanted me to call with him on a lady. 'One I knew quite well when I was a young man,' he explained.

"She is staying at our house," he said.

"I thought it strange that he should have made the appointment for the Columbia under the circumstances, but I said nothing.

"Well, we went in and I was introduced with all due formality to my mother and sister.

"The situation struck me as funny, and I started to laugh, but the laugh died away. None

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Regular Meals and Short Orders  
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COLORADO, TEXAS.

of the three even smiled. My mother and sister shook hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but had not seen much of me lately. Then she invited me to be seated.

"It wasn't a bit funny then, although I can laugh over it now. I sat down and she told me one or two anecdotes of my boyhood, at which we all laughed. Then we four played games for awhile. When I finally retired, I was invited to call again. I went up stairs feeling pretty small and doing a good deal of thinking."

"And then?" asked his companion.

"Then I made up my mind that my mother was an entertaining woman, and my sister a bright girl.

"I'm going to call again. I

enjoy their company and intend to cultivate their acquaintance."

—Ex.

**Another Teacher.**  
Owing to the number in attendance this year and the increased work necessary in getting the school graded the trustees have deemed it advisable to hire a third teacher.

After a careful consideration of several applicants, Miss Ethel Blankenship was elected to assist in the primary department. Miss Ethel Blankenship is well known here and needs no recommendation to the people of Gail.

Besides holding a state certificate she is naturally well qualified for the work as a teacher. She has been intimately connected with school work for several years and will be a valuable addition to the faculty.

## BORDEN COUNTY.

Borden county is located partly below and partly above the "cap rock". The altitude below the cap rock is about 2300 feet. Soil fertile, climate pleasant. About 25 per cent of the land to some extent is rough and better adapted to stock raising than to farming. Timber for fuel is plentiful, below the foot of the plains, mesquite being the most abundant. This country is well set in good grass, the principal grasses being the needle and mesquite.

The rainfall here is sufficient for abundant and successful farming. The products of the farm are cotton, corn, maize, cane K. fir, wheat and oats. Wheat and oats have not been grown extensively in this county, but some parts are specially adapted to the raising of small grain. We find the gardens bedecked with beans, peas, turnips, onions radishes, beets, potatoes, peanuts and watermelons. The orchards furnish peaches, pears, apples, grapes, plums and apricots. The wild fruits are grapes, plums and mulberries. At present orchards are comparatively few, but bear good and abundant fruit. Agriculture is fast becoming the leading industry. The lands which only a few years since were trodden under the foot of the buffalo and mustang pony, and the howl of the lobo and the yelp of the coyote were the only signs of life now are under fence and the soil beneath the plow. At present the whistle of the farm boy, the songs of the milk maid, the bark of the neighbor's dog, the rattling of wagons, and the hum of gins are some of the indications of life and civilization.

Stock raising is still a leading factor in the progress of our county. Borden county takes pride in raising some of the best horses, cattle and hogs. Poultry does extremely well in this locality.

The development of this county has been quite rapid the last six months. During that time there has been a nice little town built up. The Methodists have erected a handsome church building at Durham in the South-Eastern part of this county.

Gail, the county seat, is a small town but is building fast. There are eight business houses, besides a bank, two hotels, a restaurant, a livery stable and a wagon yard, two blacksmith shops and a new gin. Several of these improvements have been recently erected. Borden county is almost sure to average one-half bale per acre to all lands

planted in cotton. I have lived in Borden county for eight years and have never witnessed a complete failure in crops. The lands about Gail have not heretofore been for sale, hence the slow development. At the present some of the pastures are for sale in small tracts.

### Steps to Fortune

A modest, unassuming young business man, to his great surprise was recently promoted to a position very much in advance of the one he then occupied. He did not understand when, or where or how he had prepared himself for such unexpected promotion. His friends, however, and those who had been watching his career knew that, unconsciously, he had been preparing for his promotion ever since he took a job as an errand boy in an office. Indeed, if he had had the position to which he has been advanced in mind from the outset, and if every step he took had been directed toward it, he could not have adopted a more effective means for the at-

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Good rigs, good teams and careful drivers  
Traveling men's trade solicited.

tainment of his end. As a boy, this young employe did not wait to be told things, or to do this or that when it was obvious that it should be done. He found out all he could for himself by observation, by keeping his eyes and ears open, by being constantly on the alert to increase his knowledge; and he always did whatever he saw needed to be done, without waiting for orders. He did every thing that was given him to do as well as he possibly could do it. He did not wait for big opportunities, but found his chance in every little thing that came his way. In every act he performed he found a chance to be prompt, businesslike and polite. In every letter he wrote he found an opportunity for self-culture, for learning how to be concise and how to ex-

press himself in the clearest and purest English. He found an opportunity for neatness and order in filing away papers and in keeping the office clean and tidy. These, remarks the New York Weekly, are a few of the steps which led to his rapid promotion, although when he was taking them he was not conscious that he was laying the foundation of his career broad and deep.

The town which grows and outstrips competitors, and in the long run makes its citizenship prosperous and happy is the city which runs plum over its mess-back citizenship. The town which grows has to build public roads where the parties most to be benefitted won't help; it must build school houses and churches even though wealthy citizens refuse to subscribe; it must pay heavy taxes for civic improve-

ments; must be liberal in providing entertainments; must go out and build up other people's property; the town which succeeds must be built up by the poor folks; the rich are usually content with existing conditions. Don't become discouraged when your rich neighbor who is to be directly benefitted refuses to take hold of and subscribe to a town improvement. Just you go ahead and strain yourself beyond your means even, and you will live to see the day when the town builders will be in the saddle. What becomes of the obstructors we won't know and need not care to know sufficient that they get run over and are lost to sight in the busy rush of a prosperous city where the men of energy and liberality knock down all juicy plums—Alpine Avalanche.

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## H. C. WALLACE LUMBER CO.

Big Springs,

Texas

Send the Citizen to the Old Folks At Home.

# THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

A Story of American Life Novelized From the Play by ARTHUR HORNBLow.

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The judge tried to smile. "Why, my dear girl, I— Shirley threw her arms round his neck.

"Ah, yes, now I know it's you," she cried.

"Of course it is, Shirley, my dear girl. Of course it is. Who else would it be?"

"Yes, but it isn't the same," insisted Shirley. "There is no ring to your voice. It sounds hollow and empty, like an echo. And this place," she added dolefully, "this awful place!"

She glanced around at the cracked ceilings, the cheaply papered walls, the shabby furniture, and her heart sank as she realized the extent of their misfortune. She had come back prepared for the worst, to help win the fight for her father's honor, but to have to struggle against sordid poverty as well, to endure that humiliation in addition to disgrace—ah, that was something she had not anticipated! She changed color, and her voice faltered. Her father had been closely watching for just such signs, and he read her thoughts.

"It's the best we can afford, Shirley," he said quietly. "The blow has been complete. I will tell you everything. You shall judge for yourself. My enemies have done for me at last."

"Your enemies?" cried Shirley eagerly. "Tell me who they are so I may go to them."

"Yes, dear, you shall know everything, but not now. You are tired after your journey. Tomorrow sometime Stott and I will explain everything."

"Very well, father, as you wish," said Shirley gently. "After all," she added in an effort to appear cheerful, "what matter where we live so long as we have each other?"

She drew away to hide her tears and left the room on pretense of inspecting the house. She looked into the dining room and kitchen and opened the cupboards, and when she returned there were no visible signs of trouble in her face.

"It's a cute little house, isn't it?" she said. "I've always wanted a little place like this all to ourselves. Oh, if you only knew how tired I am of New York and its great ugly houses, its retinue of servants and its domestic and social responsibilities! We shall be able to live for ourselves now, eh, father?"

She spoke with a forced gaiety that might have deceived any one but the judge. He understood the motive of her sudden change in manner, and silently he blessed her for making his burden lighter.

"Yes, dear, it's not bad," he said. "There's not much room, though."

"There's quite enough," she insisted. "Let me see." She began to count on her fingers. "Upstairs, three rooms, eh, and above that three more—"

"No," smiled the judge; "then comes the roof."

"Of course," she laughed; "how stupid of me—a nice gable roof, a sloping roof that the rain runs off beautifully. Oh, I can see that this is going to be awfully jolly—just like camping out. You know how I love camping out. And you have a plan, too."

She went over to the corner where stood one of those homely instruments which hardly deserve to be dignified by the name piano, with a cheap, gaudily painted case outside and a tin pan effect inside, and which are usually to be found in the poorer class of

country boarding houses. Shirley sat down and ran her fingers over the keys, determined to like everything.

"It's a little old," was her comment, "but I like these zither effects. It's just like the sixteenth century spinet. I can see you and mother dancing a stately minuet," she smiled.

"What's that about mother dancing?" demanded Mrs. Rossmore, who at that instant entered the room. Shirley arose and appealed to her:

"Isn't it absurd, mother, when you come to think of it, that anybody should accuse father of being corrupt and of having forfeited the right to be judge? Isn't it still more absurd that we should be helpless and dejected and unhappy because we are on Long Island instead of Madison avenue? Why should Manhattan Island be a happier spot than Long Island? Why shouldn't we be happy anywhere? We have each other, and we do need each other. We never knew how much till today, did we? We must stand by each other now. Father is going to clear his name of this preposterous charge, and we're going to help him, aren't we, mother? We're not helpless just because we are women. We're going to work, mother and I."

"Work?" echoed Mrs. Rossmore, somewhat scandalized.

"Work," repeated Shirley very decisively.

The judge interfered. He would not hear of it.

"You work, Shirley? Impossible!"

"Why not? My book has been selling well while I was abroad. I shall probably write others. Then I shall write, too, for the newspapers and magazines. It will add to our income."

"Your book, 'The American Octopus,' is selling well?" inquired the judge, interested.

"So well," replied Shirley, "that the publishers wrote me in Paris that the fourth edition was now on the press. That means good royalties. I shall soon be a fashionable author. The publishers will be after me for more books, and we'll have all the money we want. Oh, it is so delightful, this novel sensation of a literary success!" she exclaimed with glee. "Aren't you proud of me, dad?"

The judge smiled indulgently. Of course he was glad and proud. He always knew his Shirley was a clever girl. But by what strange fatality, he thought to himself, had his daughter in this book of hers assailed the very man who had encompassed his own ruin? It seemed like the retribution of heaven. Neither his daughter nor the financier was conscious of the fact that each was indirectly connected with the impeachment proceedings. Ryder could not dream that "Shirley Green," the author of the book which flayed him so mercilessly, was the daughter of the man he was trying to crush. Shirley, on the other hand, was still unaware of the fact that it was Ryder who had lured her father to his ruin.

When at last she could lock herself in her room where no eye could see her, Shirley threw herself down on the bed and burst into a torrent of tears. She had kept up appearances as long as it was possible, but now the reaction had set in. She gave way freely to her pent up feelings; she felt that unless she could relieve herself in this way her heart would break. She had been brave until now, she had been strong to bear everything and see

everything, but she could not keep it up forever. Stott's words to her on the dock had in part prepared her for the worst; he had told her what to expect at home, but the realization was so much more vivid. Then to have come to this all in the brief space of a few months! It was incredible, terrible, heart rending! And what of the future? What was to be done to save her father from this impeachment which she knew well would hurry him to his grave? He could not survive that humiliation, that degradation. He must be saved in the senate, but how—how?

She dried her eyes and began to think. Surely her woman's wit would find some way. She thought of Jefferson. Would he come to Massapequa? It was hardly probable. He would certainly learn of the change in their circumstances, and his sense of delicacy would naturally keep him away for some time even if other considerations less unselfish did not. Perhaps he would be attracted to some other girl he would like as well and who was not burdened with a tragedy in her family. Her tears began to flow afresh until she hated herself for being so weak while there was work to be done to save her father. She loved Jefferson. Yes, she had never felt so sure of it as now. She felt that if she had him there at that moment she would throw herself in his arms, crying: "Take me, Jefferson—take me away—where you will—for I love you! I love you!" But Jefferson was not there, and the rickety chairs in the tiny bedroom and the cheap prints on the walls seemed to gibe at her in her misery.

Suddenly she thought of Jefferson's promise to interest his father in their case, and she clutched at the hope this promise held out as a drowning man clutches at a drifting straw. Jefferson would not forget his promise, and he would come to Massapequa to tell her of what he had done. She was sure of that. Perhaps, after all, there was where their hope lay. Why had she not told her father at once? It might have relieved his mind. John Burkett Ryder, the Colossus, the man of unlimited power! He could save her father, and he would. And the more she thought about it the more cheerful and more hopeful she became, and she started to dress quickly, so that she might hurry down to tell her father the good news. She was actually sorry now that she had said so many hard things of Mr. Ryder in her book, and she was worrying over the thought that her father's case might be seriously prejudiced if the identity of the author were ever revealed, when there came a knock at her door. It was Eudoxia.

"Please, miss, will you come down to lunch?"

## CHAPTER VIII.

**A** WHIRLING maelstrom of human activity and dynamic energy—the city which above all others is characteristic of the American people—New York, with its congested polyglot population and teeming millions, is assuredly one of the busiest, as it is one of the most strenuous and most noisy places on earth. Yet, despite its swarming streets and crowded shops, ceaselessly thronged with men and women eagerly hurrying here and there in the pursuit of business or elusive pleasure, all chattering, laughing, shouting amid the deafening, multisonorous roar of traffic incidental to Gotham's daily life, there is one part of the great metropolis where there is no bustle, no noise, no crowd, where the streets are empty even in daytime, where a passerby is a curiosity and a child a phenomenon. This deserted village in the very heart of the big town is the millionaires' district, the boundaries of which are marked by Carnegie hill on the north, Fiftieth street on the south, and by Fifth and Madison avenues respectively on the west and east. There is nothing more mournful than the outward aspect of these princely residences which, abandoned and empty for three-quarters of the year, stand in stately loneliness as

if ashamed of their isolation and utter uselessness. Their blinds drawn, affording no hint of life within, enveloped the greater part of the time in the stillness and silence of the tomb, they appear to be under the spell of some baneful curse. No merry voiced children romp in their carefully railed off gardens, no sounds of conversation or laughter come from their hermetically closed windows, not a soul goes in or out; at most, at rare intervals, does one catch a glimpse of a gorgeously arrayed servant gliding about in ghostly fashion, supercilious and suspicious and addressing the chance visitor

in awed whispers as though he were the guardian of a house of affliction. It is, indeed, like a city of the dead.

So it appeared to Jefferson as he walked up Fifth avenue, bound for the Ryder residence, the day following his arrival from Europe. Although he still lived at his father's house, for at no time had there been an open rupture, he often slept in his studio, finding it more convenient for his work, and there he had gone straight from the ship. He felt, however, that it was his duty to see his mother as soon as possible; besides he was anxious to fulfill his promise to Shirley and find what his father could do to help Judge Rossmore. He had talked about the case with several men the previous evening at the club, and the general impression seemed to be that, guilty or innocent, the judge would be driven off the bench.

Europe, thought Jefferson as he strode quickly along, pointed with envy to America's unparalleled prosperity, spoke with bated breath of her great fortunes. Rather should they say her gigantic robberies, her colossal frauds! As a nation we were not proud of our multimillionaires. How many of them would bear the searchlight of investigation? Would his own father? How many millions could one man make by honest methods? America was enjoying unprecedented prosperity not because of her millionaires, but in spite of them. The United States owed its high rank in the family of nations to the country's vast natural resources, its inexhaustible vitality, its great wheatfields, the industrial and mechanical genius of its people. It was the plain American citizen who had made the greatness of America; not the millionaires who, forming a class by themselves of unscrupulous capitalists, had created an arrogant oligarchy which sought to rule the country by corrupting the legislature and the judiciary. The plutocrats—these were the leeches, the sores in the body politic. An organized band of robbers, they had succeeded in dominating legislation and in securing control of every branch of the nation's industry, crushing mercilessly and illegally all competition.

Jefferson turned abruptly and went up the wide steps of an imposing white marble edifice which took up the space of half a city block. A fine example of French renaissance architecture, with spire roofs, round turrets and millioned windows dominating the neighboring houses, this magnificent home of the plutocrat, with its furnishings and art treasures, had cost John Burkett Ryder nearly \$10,000,000. It was one of the show places of the town, and when the "rubberneck" wagons approached the Ryder mansion and the guides through their megaphones expatiated in awestricken tones on its external and hidden beauties, there was a general craning of vertebrae among the "seeing New Yorkers" to catch a glimpse of the abode of the richest man in the world.

Only a few privileged ones were ever permitted to penetrate to the interior of this \$10,000,000 home. Ryder was not fond of company; he avoided strangers and lived in continual apprehension of the subpoena server. Not that he feared the law, only he usually found it inconvenient to answer questions in court under oath. The ex-

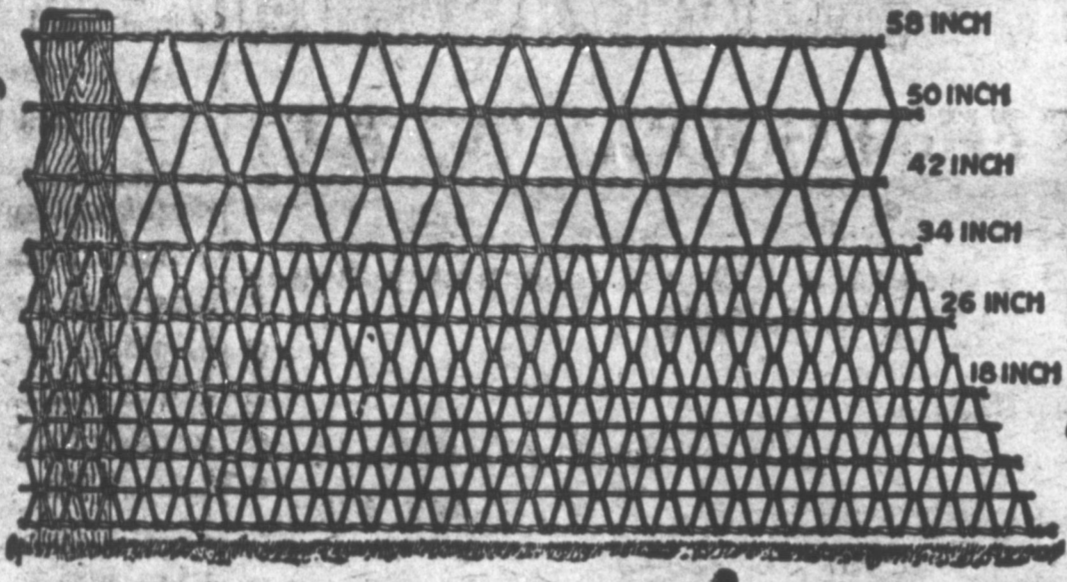
To be continued

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### Fence out the Rabbits with Ellwood Fence

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**District Officers.**  
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 M. Carter ..... Attorney  
 Court convenes eighth Monday after first Monday in February and September.

**County Officers.**  
 E. R. Yellott ..... Judge  
 W. K. Clark ..... Sheriff & Tax Collector  
 J. D. Brown ..... Clerk  
 D. Dorward, Jr. .... Treasurer  
 S. L. Jones ..... Tax Assessor  
 No Attorney.  
 Court convenes first Monday in February, May, August and November.

**Commissioners.**  
 J. A. Scarlett ..... Precinct No. 1  
 W. P. Coates ..... Precinct No. 2  
 J. H. Wicker ..... Precinct No. 3  
 C. E. Reader ..... Precinct No. 4

**Secret Orders.**  
 Mason.—Meets Saturday night on or preceding full moon.  
 W. O. W.—Meets first Saturday night after each full moon, and on Saturday night two weeks thereafter.

**Churches.**  
 Methodist: Preaching every first unday. R. V. J. W. Childers, Preacher in Charge.  
 Church of Christ: Preaching every second Sunday. Eld. H. D. Pruett, Pastor.  
 Presbyterian: Preaching every third Sunday. Rev. W. W. Werner, Pastor.  
 Baptist: Preaching day every fourth Sunday.  
 Baptist Sunday School, at 3, p. m.  
 T. R. Mauldin, Supt.  
 M. C. Bishop, Pastor  
 Union Prayer Meetings every Wednesday night.

**Exercise Essential to Health.**

The papers are publishing the picture of a woman of Deshler, Ohio, who works daily with her husband in a blacksmith and woodworking shop, and who says that the smithy has changed her from a frail, sickly and despondent woman to one of robust health, weighing 175 pounds. Now, the Bulletin is not to be understood as recommending blacksmithing as an occupation for all delicate women, or even for any woman, but it does believe in every day physical exercise other than housework as a remedy for many of the ills to which both the women and the men are heirs. Housekeeping is very exacting of a woman's time and in its every day routine becomes decidedly monotonous. This naturally brings about a disposition to brood and to magnify little ills until they become great ones. This indoor life which so many women lead becomes itself a habit as hard to overcome as sickness itself. It tends to take away the desire or the energy required to do other things. Thus after a time all inclination to get out of the house and take the much needed out-door exercise is lost. Women who from circumstances are forced to follow some avocation, are seldom more sickly than men engaged in the same pursuit.

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 Incorporated—Successors to the Cornell Lumber Company  
**DEALERS IN**  
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 We will send the Citizen and the Western Breeders' Journal for one year.

**For \$1.75**  
 We will send both the above papers and the Dallas Semi-Weekly News for a whole year. You can't afford to miss it.

**For \$2.50**  
 We send the Citizen, the Western Breeders' Journal, the New York Thrice-a-week World, Harper's Bazar and Success Magazine a year—an average of about one cent a copy. You can't beat this offer anywhere.

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**MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York**  
 Branch Office, 627 F St., Washington, D. C.

This is perhaps because their minds are constantly employed and they do not have the time to think over their conditions. Did you ever get up in the morning with a violent headache and then go back to bed with it? You have probably had that headache all day long. Then have you gone about some business that has forced you to take your mind off an early morning headache and been surprised after a time, when you have had time to stop and think of it, that the headache was gone entirely? A slight indisposition can be cultivated into chronic invalidism. The best remedy for such a thing is plenty of hard work, and as much exercise away from your regular business as you can well take. The reason most women do not take this exercise regularly is because they are not forced to do it. In most cases men have it to do, as a part of their duties in earning the living for the family. As a consequence men suffer less from melancholy and its resultant evils. Every woman ought to have some kind of work that will compel her to get out of the house and work or exercise in the open. If it is the yard or the flower garden, caring for the chickens, visiting the sick, superintending a farm, anything that calls her out of doors often when she feels little like it, she will be all the better for the exercise which it gives her.—Brownwood Banner-Bulletin.

**Get Arp on the Papers.**

I never took a newspaper that did not pay me more than I paid for it. One time an old friend of mine started a paper way down south and sent a copy to me, and I subscribed just to encourage him: and after awhile it published an order to sell a lot at public auction. So I inquired about the lot and told my friend to run it up to \$50. He bid it off at \$38 and he sold it in less than a month for \$100, so I made \$62 clear by taking the paper. My father told me that when he was a young man he saw a notice in a paper that a school teacher was wanted away off in a distant country and he went and got the situation. A little girl was sent to him, and after a while she grew up beautiful and sweet and he married her. Now if he hadn't taken that paper, what do you suppose would have become of me? I would have been some other fellow, or maby I wouldn't have been at all.

## The Borden Citizen

T. M. JONES, Ed. and Prop.  
Published every Thursday.

Entered at the post office at Gail, Texas, as second-class mail matter.

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:**  
Per year ..... \$1.00  
Six months ..... .50

### ADVERTISING RATES.

Display ads, one inch per double column, \$1.00 per month.

Local ads, first insertion 10 cents per line, five cents per line for each insertion thereafter.

All ads placed in the Citizen without a specified time to run will be charged for till ordered out.

Gail, Texas, Aug. 29, 1907.

### A Remedy for Present Political Evils.

"I don't mind tellin' you fellows what the remedy is ef you'll not let it go any furdur; jest consider that it's betwixt you an' me an' the bed-post," said Mr. Billy Sanders of Sundry.

"Well, the reel remedy for all the devilment you hear talk on, an' for all the troubles that keep the politicians from gwine home to dinner, is jest this: Let the honest voters of the country (ef we've got any left sence the late epidemic) git together an' put none but honest men in office—an' when I say honest men, I mean the old-fashioned kind that can't be bribed, fooled nor persuaded."

"But if my remedy, cheap an' simple as it is, was to be tried, the politicians wouldn't do much of the laughin'. Therd be the biggest row ou ever laid eyes on; they'd paw the yeth, an' foam at the mouth, an' raise sech a dust that it'd take a month for the sun to shine out. They'd sw'ar the nominations want reg'lar, an' they'd try to steal or stuff the ballot-boxes, an' they'd vow that all honest men was independents—an' this last'd be mighty nigh the truth,"—Joel Chandler Harris in Uncle Remus Magazine.

### Good Wishes.

A school teacher, who is loved by her pupils, says that during her first year of teaching she received a little lesson which taught her what St. Paul probably meant by the "foolishness of preaching."

One of her pupils was obliged to leave school, as the family was about to leave town. When the teacher said goodby to the little girl, who had been an intelligent and well-behaved pupil, she felt moved to add a few words of advice.

"If I never see you again," she said with much earnestness.

"I hope you will never forget to do your best wherever you may be, and whatever tasks you are calld to perform. I hope you will always be an honest, upright woman, truthful and brave."

"Thank you," said the little girl, her round, eager face upturned to her teacher, "and I hope you'll be the same."

### Cheap Bodies, Cheaper Souls.

I have tried do a breaker-boy's work, picking out the pieces of slate and stone from the roaring, crashing, hurrying streams of coal as they tore through the shutes. My fingers were torn and bruised, so that for days I could not use my pen. I have seen the "merry breaker-boys with bleeding fingers scores of times. Worse than all, I have heard the weeping of the mother who could not be comforted because her little boy had been engulfed in the great, grinding stream of coal and smothered to death, I have seen little bodies torn by machinery in the textile industries, and the scarred hand and faces of glass-house boys. A thousand times I have cried with the poet Hood:

Oh, God! that bread should be so dear

And flesh and blood so cheap.

But none of the perils of the body, nor all of them combined, equal the moral perils of child labor. To kill a boy or girl by giving him or to her too heavy burdens to bear is cruel!—let us call it by its right name—murder. Killing the soul is of far more awful import. That is what child labor does for a vast army of children every year. We take our boys and girls at a time when their souls are being born, when they are entering upon the critical period of adolescence, and ignorantly and greedily kill their newly born souls. I cannot, in this paper go at greater length into the moral perils which encompass the working child—but we must not lose sight of them.

Dear old Robert Blatchford sings dolefully somewhere that where wealth can work its will white flesh is cheap to-day. White souls are cheaper still!

A shocking song, you say? Yes, but if you knew the perils to body and soul which beset the average working child, as I know them, you would know how true the song is.—John Spargo in Woman's Home Companion.

R. N. Miller, Pres. J. D. Brown, Cash. D. Dorward Jr. Asst. Cash

## GAIL BANK

(UNINCORPORATED)

Will do a general Banking business.  
Exchange drawn on the principal Commercial cities.

## Bob's Restaurant

For Regular Meals and Short Orders  
Pies and Cakes

Table Supplied with best the Market Affords

S. R. CRAWFORD, Prop.

Colorado, Texas

## Who

ever heard of any body buying wire at \$2.85!

That's the way The Hinds

Lumber Co. at Big Springs sells it.

They will treat you right on your house bills too.

The Hinds Lumber Co.

Big Springs, Texas.

## A Bargain

FOR OUR

## Subscribers

The New Idea  
Woman's Magazine  
AND

THE BORDEN CITIZEN \$1.25  
Both, One Year for Only

The New Idea Woman's Magazine contains over 100 pages each month of fashions, dressmaking, needlework and household helps.

Each number is beautifully illustrated and contains nine full-page fashion plates, some in color.

These two publications furnish reading for every member of the household.

CITIZEN, \$1 Per Year



## A. S. Henry & Company

Have Just received a car

### New Buggies the latest and best styles

Our regular prices are less than the cost price of some other dealers in these lines. Our experience for 20 years in these lines give us every advantage of close buying and proper handling of this line of goods, and we are constantly looking after all the new styles and good values at prices to meet the wants of the trade. Come and see our big display of

### Buggies, Surries and Hacks

We have the best arranged house west of Fort Worth to care for and display Buggies. We handle only the "OLD RELIABLE."

### Peter Schuttler Wagons.

Enough said. Also carry a full line of the famous **Bradley Farming Implements**. None better. Tents, Wagon Sheets and Bows at the lowest price on the market. See our **Excelsior Buggy top Spring** the best one made, the only one we ever saw that interested us. To see it is to buy it, as it is worth 10 times its cost to any buggy—it saves the top, the rivets, the arm-rest, the seat, etc

Yours for Business

## A. S. Henry & Company

Colorado, Texas.

## Special Prices

The first Saturday in each month  
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## THE RACKET STORE

EDWIN FEW BROWN & CO  
successors to J. J. BROMLEY,

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## C. E. Frost & Company.

HARNESS, SADDLES AND COW BOY BOOTS.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

BIG SPRINGS,

TEXAS.

### Special Philippine Correspondence

By S. E. DeRackin.

At time of the arrival of the Spaniards in the northern Islands, a migratory movement was taking place from the Malay peninsula to Borneo and the southern Islands of the Philippine group by what is supposed to have been a vast horde of Malay pirates who had been successfully defeated and driven from the main coast of Asia. Whether this was the character of the people who settled here, it is positively known that piracy was their principal occupation after landing here. These people brought with them the laws, traditions and civilization of the Saracens, and the religion of Mohammed. They were fierce, aggressive and war-like, and practically no attempt was made to restrain them for more than two hundred years. During this time, instead of knitting into a strong Malay colony, they broke into tribes, thus enabling the Spaniards to get a hold upon them, and save them from the wrath of other nations whose commerce was being greatly interfered with in these waters.

For many years prior to American occupation and even after the sea power of Moro had been destroyed by the introduction of steam war vessels into these waters, the Moros made foraging expeditions into the northern

Islands for plunder and slaves, until the name Moro was and still is enough to drive the timid Filipino inhabitants from their homes along the coast into the mountain ranges.

On land, the Moros still had the Spaniard bluffed at the time of American occupation. So anxious was the Don for peace, that no pretense at interference with the internal affairs of the Moro was ever made. Slavery and every form of crime was running riot here when the Americans assumed responsibility for the future good behavior of the Moro population.

Sawyer, the historian, writing of Mindanao during the year 1899, said:

"The present condition of the island is most lamentable. Nothing could be more dreadful; robbery, outrage and murder are rampant. Every evil passion is let loose, and the labor of years has been lost. In the words of one who knows the country well, Mindanao has become a seething hell and is in a condition more dreadful than ever before in historic times."

In the Cotabato valley, under the leadership of Dattos Ali and Djimbangan, the Moros sacked the town of Cotabato, killing many of the principal inhabitants, stripping all the Christian women naked and marching them in this condition through the streets, and

after selecting those whom they wanted, distributed the remainder among their followers,

Under the Bates treaty, but slight improvement in the conduct of the Moros was observed. While slavery as an institution was prohibited on paper, no interference with it was undertaken until the formation of civil government in the Moro Province under the governorship of Major General Leonard Wood. The policy of non-interference in the domestic affairs of the Moros by former military commanders and Governor Wood's policy of enforcing the laws he found here, caused many fights with the warlike Moros, culminating in the famous battle of Mount Dajo where some one thousand Mohammedan fanatics met their death at the hands of the American soldiery.

While this fight has by no means bluffed the Moro, the outcry from America has bluffed the Government, with the result that conditions are fast settling back into their former lawless state.

The intemperate criticism of the American press created some alarm here lest it might result in holding back all enforcement of law calculated to bring about further trouble with the Moros. The local paper here, voicing this dread, in its issue of April 28, 1906, had the following to say:

"We do not believe that the American people are so wrought up over the Mount Dajo affair as appears on the surface. Way down deep in the hearts of an overwhelming majority of our people there is an abiding faith that our soldiers are incapable of atrocious acts. The

worst feature of the criticism indulged in is that it may result in checking the spontaneous performance of duty by our soldiers, thereby creating an intolerable state of affairs in this province. They can hardly be blamed for hesitating at the performance of a duty which earns them abuse. We trust, however, that that spirit which has ever guided our people in their march to higher and better things will prevent them from halting at the performance of a plain duty even though the whole world indulge in morbid criticism."

Without the restraining influence of American troops to-day, the Moros of Mindanao would enslave the Filipino people residing in the towns and then would begin a movement against the northern Islands, as of old. No force the Filipinos with their limited means, could oppose to the Moros would long keep them in check.

### THE MORO IS UNIQUE

As a fighting machine, the Moro is unique in human species. In four fights in this Province, some two thousand Moros have been engaged, all dying practically to a man. Opposed to such fighters, the naturally timid Filipinos could not hold their own to exceed a year.

If, however, the American people are determined to try the experiment of an oriental republic, and are willing to risk the humiliation of failure, I will point out in my next letter how the Moro country can be turned to advantage in assisting the Filipinos on their way to independence and self-government.

## Local and Personal

Get my prices on cattle Dip Paint, Wall paper (Phonographs and records a specialty.)

W. L. DOSS.  
Colorado, Texas.

Mail or send your watches to Towle & Johnson, Snyder Texas every watch guaranteed, with careful usage to run and keep time one year.

See Towle and Johnson when in Snyder for every thing in good jewelry.

A. B. Jones recently sold his home in the west part of town and 200x200 feet of ground to J. H. Doyle of Borden county, consideration \$4,500. Mr. Doyle moves here that his children may receive the benefit of our schools. If the Presbyterian College was located in this city many more desirable citizens would make their home here. Mr. Jones will rent a house to live in until he builds.—Big Springs Herald.

Arnold would like to make that fine for you, he is in Big Springs.

I have four mule colts about five months old at my ranch 10 miles south of Post City, to sell cheap for cash. N. H. Gamm.

When in Big Springs see Arnold for good flues and steel tanks. Successor to W. S. Self.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Selmon passed through Gail last Saturday having sold their property in Snyder and bought lands of Singleton in Lynn county to which they were moving.

Fred Petzel brought some specimens of Japanese Kaffir corn to Gail last Saturday. The heads were immense and he says the corn is green and flourishing in spite of extremely dry weather. The seed was given him by a friend who attended the Chicago worlds fair where it was exhibited.

Mrs. R. M. Gotcher of Brownwood is visiting the family of our townman, H. D. Pruet.

H. R. Rasgdale of Coryell County, and W. M. Turner of Bosque County were in Gail last thursday they are looking for investments in land.

J. D. Black started to Big Springs yesterday, to haul lumber for a new dwelling, which he will build on his place for the use of his family.

Mrs. S. L. Jones and children were in Gail on Tuesday.

Our announcements of the Gail Public school work for the ensuing year has been published and a copy may be had by calling at this office, Mauldin & Cotten's office or by seeing L. F. McKay. It is earnestly desired that every patron of the school have a copy. Those interested in school work should get one as well.

Borden county's first Bale was ginned Monday. It was raised on the Henry Heller farm by J. W. Smith and weighed 488 pounds. A premium of \$25 was given and sold it for 13-3-8 cts., netting \$90.27.

C. A. Goodyear and family of Jones county were here yesterday from a trip to Dawson, Lynn and Crosby counties. They claim to have been well pleased with the country they visited.

We are glad to report Genus Webber convalescent and on the road to recovery from his attack of fever. Dr. Hannabass who waited on him is very successful in slow fever cases, we have never known him to lose a case, taken in its early stages.

J. W. Chandler is having his new dwelling which is just completed, improved with a nice coat of paint.

### NOTICE.

Remember the local option election on the 28th. The result of this election will settle the question for two years. If you do not turn out and vote you should not hereafter complain because it went against your wishes.

The Vine Hill nursery of Titus which we represent is one of the best nurseries in the state. It makes replaces and supplies shortages and omissions. It is best to patronize a local agent, who is always in reach.

T. M. JONES.

### Tredway Items.

We realize the Autumn days are come again as a cold wind is blowing from the north this morning and the farmers are harvesting their corn.

Road working is taking the place of all other work this week but we all rejoice in the good work.

The singing school at Mesquite is progressing nicely under the management of Prof. Isbell. We are sure it will be a great advantage to our community.

When you go to Colorado

Call on

A. J. PAYNE

for your

Dry Goods, Clothing and Shoes

He will be glad to see you. Make your stopping place with him.

Get it At J. L. Ward's  
JEWELRY & DRUG CO.

JEWELRY, DRUGS,

EDISON PHONOGRAPHS

AND EQUIPMENTS

Heavy Stock Arsenic, Pine Tar, Sal Soda always on hand.

BIG SPRINGS,

TEXAS.

CASH OR CREDIT.

Stop and chat with us

Our Building Material is of the best and our prices are always in line.

No trouble to make estimates

H. H. HARDIN & CO.

BIG SPRINGS,

TEXAS.

The Christian meeting conducted by Eld. Walker at Tredway closed last Friday night. There was one addition, Miss Bessie Stevens, daughter of D. C. Stevens.

Mrs. Lyons and son Roy from near Light came up and attended the meeting returning home Monday.

Miss Myrtle Hopkins from Gail who has been visiting on the plains returned to her home Tuesday.

Mrs. E. H. Russell is slowly recovering from a spell of slow fever which continued about three weeks.

Mrs. Sam Jones sister, Mrs. Best from Brownfield is making her a visit this week.

Mr. Tom Parker and Miss Minnie Eubanks were married at the Brides home at 5 o'clock last Sunday afternoon. As ye scribe was not fortunate enough to have an invitation he cannot give the Particulars. We join in wishing them the greatest happiness and prosperity.

Tredway can now boast of a daily mail and we feel sure Tredway will soon rank in business and population with Gail.

The Misses Eubanks from Big Springs visited their Uncle, Eld. Eubanks last week.

Mr. Loyd Keith from Six Mile community is attending the singing school at Mesquite.

JANE.

### Plainview School House.

The Christian meeting closed at Six Mile last Friday night, had a very good meeting.

The meeting closed at Plainview last Sunday eve. They had several conversions and five annexations to the M. E. Church South.

Mr. P. J. Weather has been on the sick list for the last few days.

Mr. L. T. Riley has purchased a new buggy.

The Methodist meeting began at Draw last Saturday night with good attendance.

Mrs. Weems returned home last Thursday.

Mrs. Miller and Kimbol were the guests of Mrs. G. T. Beach last Thursday.

Mrs. Beach was the guest of Mrs. G. Mayfield last Monday.

Mrs. A. L. Jones was on the sick list last week.

Miss Addie Mayfield visited the Misses Parkers last week.

A little shower of rain we had was appreciated, although only enough to settle the dust.

Mrs. Etta Johnson has gone to Post City, to visit her husband, Mr. Howard Johnson.

Messrs Luke Riley and York Skinner have purchased a well drill of Mr. Willie Salyers.

Mr. Willie Salyers and wife made a flying trip to Tahoka last Saturday.

I. C. U.